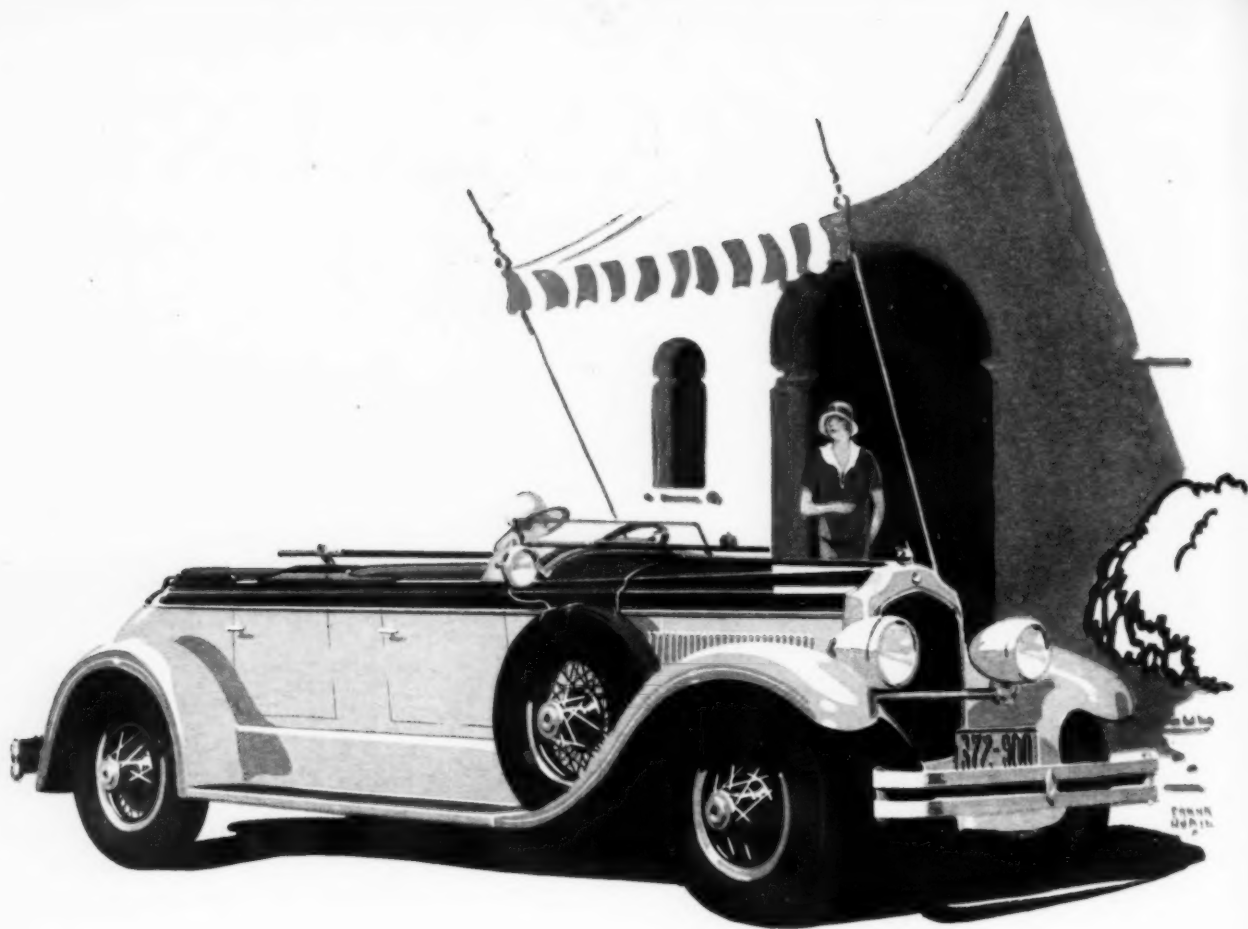


MAY 12 - 1927  
PRICE 15 CENTS

# FASHION NUMBER





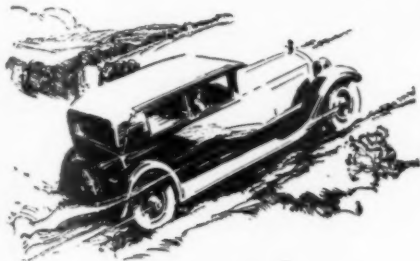
*80 and more luxurious miles per hour, 92 horsepower instantly responsive and obedient to your slightest driving requirement, distinguished and well-bred in appearance and bearing—these are some of the very obvious reasons why the Imperial “80” is being regarded everywhere as the logical successor to the finest car of yesterday. Eight body styles, priced from \$2495 to \$3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

Chrysler   
Imperial “80”

# ETHYL GASOLINE

*knocks out that "knock"..*

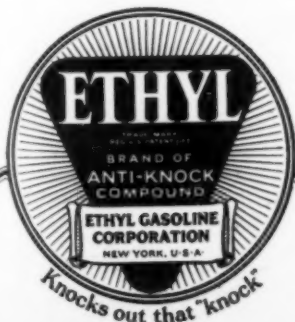
*..turns carbon into power*



## *What Ethyl Gasoline will do in your own automobile*

- 1 It will end all carbon trouble and make carbon formation an asset.  
As carbon forms, both temperature and compression (pressure) are increased. Ethyl Gasoline neutralizes the higher temperature and the increased compression becomes increased power.
- 2 It will give you more power, particularly on hills and heavy roads.
- 3 It will make your engine operate more smoothly.
- 4 It will reduce gearshifting.
- 5 It will increase acceleration, making your car easier to handle in traffic.
- 6 It will eliminate "knocking" under all driving conditions.
- 7 It will reduce vibration and engine wear and tear.
- 8 It will save the expense of carbon removal.
- 9 It will give you more power from each gallon of fuel that you use.

**I**N SHORT, the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline over regular gasoline are so marked as to make the small premium it costs a real economy.



**I**T is important that you differentiate between Ethyl Gasoline and other "anti-knock" gasolines. Ethyl Gasoline is the *only* fuel which eliminates "knocking" under *all* conditions, thereby making present day automobiles perform more efficiently.

It was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after 8 years of scientific research which resulted in these two important discoveries:

- 1 That "knocking" is an inherent characteristic of *all* gasolines. What had previously been called a "carbon knock" or "ignition knock" or "engine knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*, due to the too rapid combustion of gasoline in the cylinders.
- 2 That "knocking" could be completely eliminated in gasoline by the addition of *Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound*. This ingredient was discovered by General Motors research engineers after experimenting with more than 33,000 chemical compounds.

**S**O SUPERIOR is Ethyl Gasoline to other so-called "anti-knock" fuels that it has been adopted wherever unusual performance by a gasoline engine is required. That is why the United States Navy uses Ethyl Gasoline in its latest types of airplanes. That is why Ethyl Gasoline is used by the racing car drivers who are setting up new records.

Ethyl Gasoline is available throughout the United States and Canada through leading oil companies and responsible jobbers. It is sold at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trade mark shown below.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, N. Y.

# AT THE FIRST

## CHECK IT!

Even the mention of dandruff makes you wince. And those telltale flakes on your shoulder are a real calamity.

Naturally, you want to end this condition as quickly as possible. And now loose dandruff (epithelial debris) can be controlled; an easy matter, too.

Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage thoroughly. Keep it up systematically for at least a week—and longer in stubborn cases. In almost every instance results will delight you.

It's really a pleasure to use Listerine this way.

Your scalp feels so clean, cool and refreshed. Your hair is so easy to comb and stays in place so nicely. And it is safe—Listerine does not discolor it or leave it gummy.

*FREE—One copy "Evidence," a book that everyone who has ever suffered from scalp trouble will want to read. Address Dept. D., Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

# L I S T E



# WHITE WARNING



## ARE YOU CURIOUS?

Are you curious to know the reason for the amazing success of Listerine Tooth Paste? The answer is a large tube—at 25¢.

# R I N E

*the safe antiseptic*



When the "he-man" puts his foot into a Phoenix silk sock, it is not only handsomely dressed, but dressed for miles of hard wear.

**PHOENIX HOSIERY**

M I L W A U K E E

# Life



One of Three Vogue Girls: Out on the golf course this afternoon Eric told me to use my brassie....  
 Either of the Other Two: Well? The Original Speaker: Well, my dear, you can picture my embarrassment! I had to tell him that I didn't have one on!

(NOTE: The three models to the left are rough and ready modes and are distinctive in that they call for no buttons.)

## The Venus de Milo of the Advertisements

SHE is trim and slender, with glowing cheeks, health you stop to look at, a subtle note of youth, and a personal daintiness that is instantly sensed, an all-day make-up that lasts nine hours, a distinctive silhouette, creamy velvety shoulders, a neck whitened almost overnight, a nose reshaped to beautiful proportions, and teeth of pearly whiteness, tantalizing lips reddened with kissproof lipstick, eyes made deep and mysterious by a harmless liquid easily applied with a brush, toilettries that enhance her brilliance, lovely oval-shaped fingernails, the fashionable half-moons, and the gift from France of a smooth skin cleansed of all impurities without water and kept soft and pliable with a jar of patent cold cream and the toilet soap that has captured America.

She has regained her natural weight, will never wash her face again, is accustomed to every luxury and chooses her age and guards against facial fatigue for her head contour has been remolded at New York's most exclusive beauty salon with the treatment so long enjoyed by the European *haut monde*, and her blonde hair requires special care, is shampooed as the movie stars do it to bring out that wonderful gloss and sheen so much desired in the

perfect permanent wave and the bob most suited to her style, but although she knows the importance of proper figure support and is usually clad only in a set of glove-silk underthings designed for activity and silk stockings with ankles that create an illusion of slenderness, with loveliness in every line, she is not much to look at but seems to be satisfied with being *smart* for every occasion.

W. W. Scott.

### From All Angles

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: We're all ready for the big Sash-Waite trial now. Prof. Jungfreud will write of it from a psychological standpoint and in addition we're sending a minister, a congressman, two playwrights and three novelists. But I wish we could do something original, something different from what the other papers are doing. Have you any suggestions?

CITY EDITOR: Well, you might try sending a reporter.

STRANGE it is that most of the red-hot mammas have never been near a stove.



Céleste: Why have you decided to get married?



Clothilde: Because I like nice things.



## Nightmare of a Young Lady Who Has Been Preaching About What Is à la Mode

**B**OUFFANT barrel-shaped flesh-colored georgette or long gold yellow or turquoise plum and cerise step-ins tend toward being robes de style over modernized harem trouserettes of the Velasquez period with a huge thrilling violet shirt tied with lace big bertha a creation has large calf-skin spangles and rhinestones of a metallic silhouette to remain as chartreuse chemises not to be raised nor yet lowered of course shorter than last fringes of a dull spangled Chanel opening or are transparent Andalouse Dalmatique impression of the rue Ibis Patou with one single red velvet slip of silver moire making trouser effects



*The First Thought in  
Underwear for Milady*

attractive with side slits gathered under transparent skirts resembling le dernier cri sensation bathing satin skirts designed for the impression of the kneeling length aquamarine pendants to be worn on the Chine spring collection the sports clothes at times even fantastic spiritual quality traffic blocked with a suit of gold bolero beige while the advent of high-mirrored shimmering crystal nightgowns from every legion of foreign importers matching the flat-heeled shoes of cotton clamoring for admittance with a black and gold desire of expressing their personality in a rarefied and chastened waterproof in black oilcloth.  
L. M.



*First Club-Fellow:  
Old Powder seems to  
be eating rather heavily  
of late.*

*The Other One: Yes,  
they're fattening him  
up for display in one  
of the front windows.*



## Madame

*They say she is exceedingly chic, this lady who is seven feet three inches tall, and whose weight is approximately one hundred and fifteen pounds.*

*Her fingers remind one of quill tooth-picks, and her feet have the dimensions and contours of anemic bananas.*

*The grace of her pinhead is enhanced by a face ten inches long and three inches wide; her hatchet-like profile is the last word in elegance; and her neck leads one to believe that somewhere in the process of evolution the giraffe contributed more than a little to humanity.*

*There is a pronounced sag in her lower torso, probably because she was born with one hand glued to a hip; and her calves are negligible.*

*Yes, I have been told that her judgment in matters of dress is unerring, and that she never chooses the wrong toilet preparations, but—*

*I am serving notice that I shall call for the police, the coroner, a pistol, and poison if I ever meet her outside the pages of a fashion magazine.*

## Short Shrift

**FIRST CITIZEN:** Whatever has happened to Jones? I don't see him around any more.

**SECOND SLAVE:** Jones? Oh, he was hanged last week for reading a book in Boston.





# **BIG EMOTIONAL MOMENTS** WITH **THE FASHION MODEL**

One of Those Girls Who Pose for  
Poiret Runs the Gamut in Ten  
Seconds—flat

## The Dernier Cri of Chic in the Drama of the Haut Monde

(Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward and Frederick Lonsdale, in utter despair over the insufficient brilliance of their individual drawing-room comedies, finally collaborate on one overwhelming coruscation.)

Discovered, LADY AMBLER MARMOSET at her writing-desk. Nobody was looking for her in the first place, but she certainly is a find. Enter MALLARD, the butler.

MALLARD: Monsieur Alceste Duchesne calling, m' lady.

LADY M.: Oh, show him in, Mallard. One must always see these distinguished foreigners. Life is an unceasing effort to persuade oneself that the familiar is oppressively undisturbing and the exotic always attractively startling—haven't you found it so, Mallard?

MALLARD: Indeed, yes, m' lady; and, if I may say so, cynicism is the impersonal wand with which men dispel their intimate griefs and heartaches.

(LADY MARMOSET sighs and continues writing as MALLARD exits. Enter MONSIEUR DUCHESNE.)

DUCHESNE: My dear Lady Marmoset—only late afternoon and you have already risen! Domestic life seems to agree with you. Marriage is the reward for an unsettled past and the be-

ginning of an unsettled future.

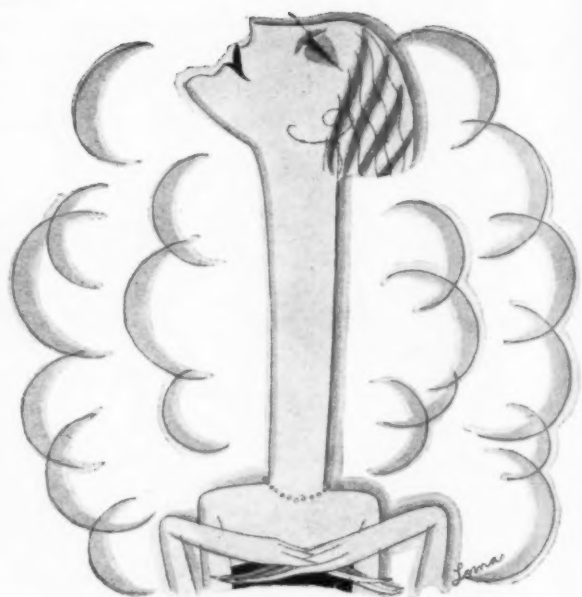
LADY M.: There are two kinds of women who should enter the alluring state of matrimony—those who can stand men and those who can bear children.

DUCHESNE: Have you seen Adrienne lately? She seems very gloomy about her recent financial venture. It is always best to look on the dark side of things: then one can never be surprised by the severest untoward circumstances, and dignity—that indispensable shield—remains upright.

LADY M.: I sometimes think that if it were not for my sense of pathos I should miss half the pleasure in life.

(Enter, suddenly, HARVEY BRANGWYN.)

BRANGWYN: Emotions are the underhanded weapons with which we assault the slumbering inarticulate-



### Distinguette

She descended from a long line of horse-thieves, all of whom were caught.

ness of our mental reactions, but to resist temptation is the apotheosis of deficient moral energy.

MALLARD (who has followed him in): Experience keeps a comparatively cheap school; it is the effort to apply one's practical learning to the theoretic world that proves expensive.

THE MAID (rising from under the table): Romantic love is the oldest and most dependable means of evoking notice from the vexingly unobservant universe.

THE CAT (leaping onto the mantelpiece): For bored women, divorce means a new life; for bored men, a new wife.

(All collapse. Slowly tottering curtain. Audience is carried out.)

Simonetta.

### Nature Studies

Zoölogy Teacher (taking her tiny charges for an instructive romp through the woods): Now what is it that ladies and gentlemen have that the wild beasts have not?

Little Eunice: Sex appeal!



# The Four-in-Hand Outrage By Robert Benchley

WHAT has happened to four-in-hand ties that they refuse to slide around under the collar any more? Or am I just suffering from a persecution complex?

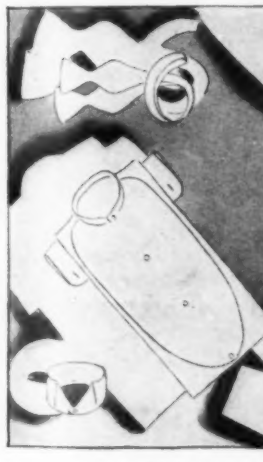
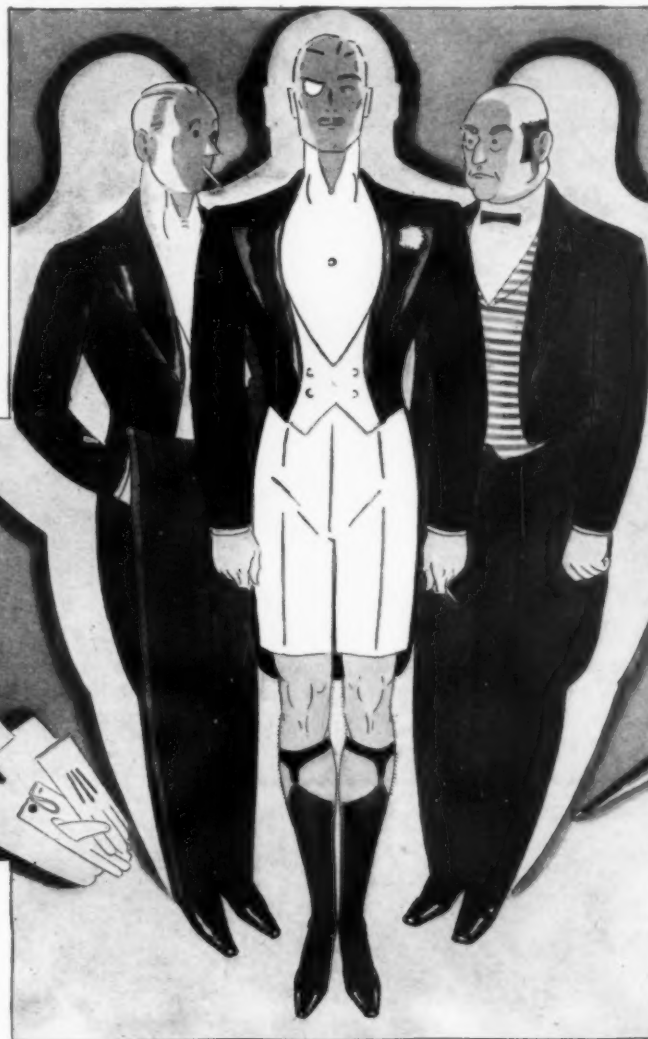
For maybe ten years I have been devoted to the soft collar or sport model, the polo shirt, and other informal modes in collarings affected by the *jeunesse dorée*. They have not been particularly adapted to playing up my good points in personal appearance, but they are easy to slip into in the morning.

With the approach

corners. And, owing to a temporary increase in neck-size (I can reduce it at any time by dieting for two or three days), 14½ is no longer my number. So I bought

several styles of a more modern collar and prepared to throw the world of fashion into a tumult by appearing in formal neckwear on, let us say, the following Wednesday at high noon.

But in the ten years which have elapsed since I last tied a four-in-hand under a stiff collar something perverse has been injected



of portly middle-age, however, and the gradual but relentless assumption of power in the financial world, it seemed to me that I ought to dress the part. When a man goes into a bank to ask to have his note extended he should at least wear a stiff collar and a four-in-hand of some rich, dark material, preferably a foulard. He owes it to himself.

So I laid in a stock of shirts (two) which called for either stiff collars or a knotted bandana, and then set about digging up some collars to go with them. My old stock of "Graywoods 14½" which I used to wear in high-school proved useless. They were of the mode, so flashy in those days, which came close together in front, allowing just a tip of the knitted club-tie to peek out from under the

"Why don't you put on your trousers?"  
"I can't, old fellow. I'm waiting for my London letter."



into the manufacture of either the ties or the collars. My male readers will recognize a manœuvre which I can best designate as the Final Tug, the last

short pull-around of the tie under the collar before tightening the knot. This, under the present system, has become practically impossible. The tie refuses to budge; I pull and yank, take the collar off and rearrange the tie, try gentle tactics followed suddenly by a deceptive upward jerk, but this gets me nothing. The knot stays loosely off-center and the tie appears to be stuck somewhere underneath the collar at a point perhaps three inches to the right. After two minutes of this mad wrenching one of three things happens—the tie rips, the collar tears, or I strangle to death in a horrid manner with eyes (Please turn to page 37)



He: Sylvia's going to marry for love  
this time.

She: Well, she can afford to retire.

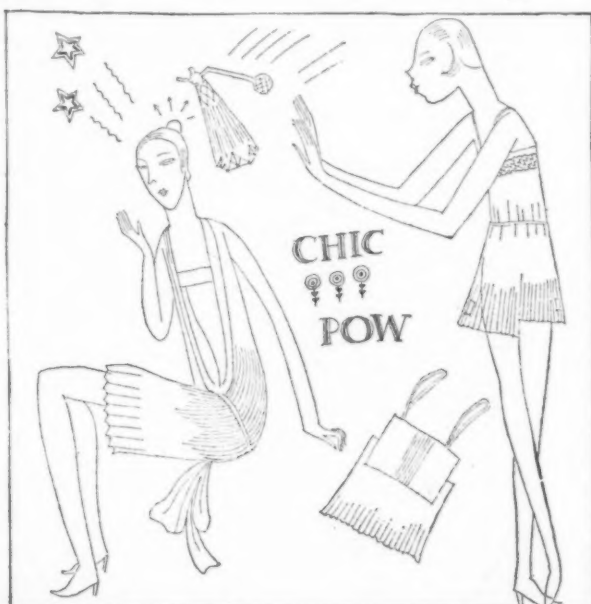
(NOTE: This model is auburn appliqué  
of a modernistic flower design on rich  
melon color, and has only one foot.)

### On Our Way Somewhere

"It is a very religious and cultured age," said the  
optimist. "Wherever I turn my dial on the radio,  
I hear Negro spirituals; we are to be the most courteous

nation on earth, for etiquette books are being sold by  
the tens of thousands; and the office-boys, bless their  
hearts, are devouring art magazines everywhere."

### The Fashion Artist





## Overheard

(In the Purple Owl Gift Shoppe)

"YES, these are etched glass trays. And entirely new. Aren't they dainty and colorful? A sparkle about them. I have amethyst, garnet, crystal and emerald. Aren't they unusual! Only two dollars—just what one usually cares to put into the little bridge prize. Yes, two dollars apiece. They're so unusual. Lovely, aren't they? Exquisite. See how they take the light. Etched glass. Terribly clever. . . . Yes, aren't they tiny? And so dainty. Unusual. Entirely new. Etched glass. Who etched 'em? Why—ah. . ."

Gracian M. Kelly.



View of a pair of legs, or "limbs" [obs., archaic], published for no particular reason.

## Layoff

FIRST  
ARTIST'S  
MODEL: Ain't  
ya gonna pose  
to-day, Mayme?

MAYME: Naw,  
I don't feel in  
the nude for  
work, somehow.

ON a night-  
club dance  
floor it is some-  
times difficult to  
distinguish whose  
is the under-dog.



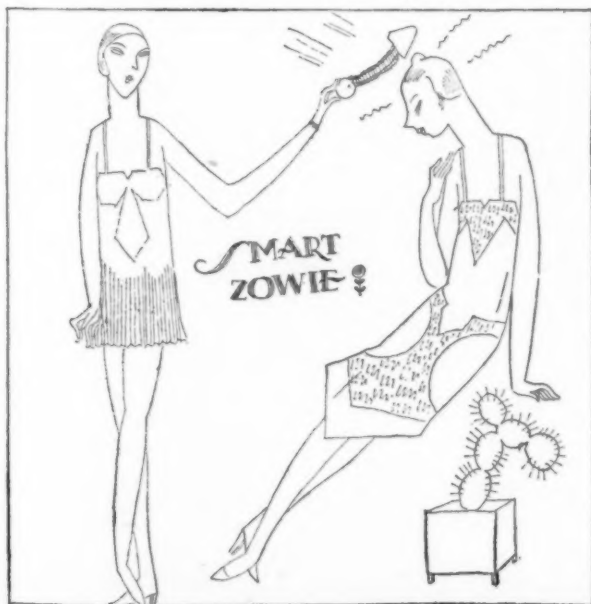
He: Darling, you are the eighth wonder of the world.  
She (indignantly): And who, may I ask, are the  
other seven?

## Fifteen-Two!

JRATE VOICE: My phone has rung three times and  
there's been nobody on the wire.

OPERATOR: Sorry, but we're playing cribbage and  
pegging the score on the switchboard.

## Designs a Comic Strip





*The Survival of the Fittest*

## PRIZE WINNERS



## ALIBI NUMBER SEVENTEEN

**Conductor:** THAT BOY YOU PAID HALF-FARE FOR IS IN THE WASHROOM SHAVING. HOW ABOUT IT?

**Perplexed Father:** WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... He merely went in there to scrape up a couple of acquaintances.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

HUBERT H. DUNLAP,  
3225 Navy Building,  
Washington, D. C.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

KATHLEEN C. BIBB, *Louisa, Virginia*, for the Alibi: "When I gave you his ticket I said, 'I have six more at home' and you said, 'That's fair enough.'"

H. BOUKER, *Wellesley, Massachusetts*, for the Alibi: "I figured that if he shaved on *this* road, he'd be entitled to 'cut' rates."

ELIZABETH PASCHAL, *Wellesley, Massachusetts*, for the Alibi: "The boy was under age when we bought the ticket but that was before my wife had fully decided what to wear on the trip."

MARY F. RICKETTS, *Chicago, Illinois*, for the Alibi: "He's been used in jokes of this kind for so long, he's grown whiskers."

CLYDE H. WATKINS, *Wichita Falls, Texas*, for the Alibi: "You must remember that boys are much older much younger now than we who are much older were when we were much younger."

## ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 36

## \$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

THE Alibi, ladies and gentlemen, is the last word in convenience. No one should dream of being without one of these little devices, so indispensable to one's happiness, comfort and even safety.

All our smartest people go in heavily for the Alibi; the smarter the people, the better the Alibi.

For this week's contest, LIFE has engaged the so-clever French artist whose signature appears on the picture below to delineate a piquant situation, fraught with mystery.

The gentleman on the ladder is under the necessity of explaining to the outraged lady what in the heck he is doing there. This is where you come in.

Complete, in twenty-five words, or less, his Alibi, or excuse. Send in as many answers as you like, and if you can make them sufficiently clever and ingenious, you are eligible for one of the prizes, which are as follows:

**First Prize, \$50.00**

**Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each**

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-THREE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

## ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-TWO



**She:** WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?  
**He:** WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...







## Styles and the Newspapers (A Rondel)

IT'S the fashion coils the women's hair in knobs.  
It's the fashion when they're frizzed like a Circassian.

Do they wear it plastered down in boyish bobs?  
It's the Fashion.

When they cultivate complexions that are ashen  
Or they slap on rouge in bright vermilion gobs  
It's the fashion; lovely woman's master passion.

All our mocking shall not change them; nor our sobbs.  
Not man's logic nor his eloquence Parnassian.  
Still he raves, for though the futilest of jobs,  
It's the Fashion.

Baron Ireland.

## De Luxe Model

**AUTOMOBILE SALESMAN** (showing prospective customer a car): You'll observe the car has Windham Universals, a Glaucoma Motor, Winslow Steering Gear, Apthorp Bearings, Angler Body, Bedford Battery, Harding Springs, Fithian

Axles, Clark Electrical System, Bartlett Horn, Smith and Smath Headlights, America Tires, Disco Wheels, Gilbert Upholstery, Stopkwik Brakes, Grant-Buchanan Cooling System, Skarstrom Carburetor, Jacksing Speedometer, Kleersite Windshield, Buckley Lubrication, Lilley Windshield Cleaner, Casper Gasoline Gauge, Electro Cigar Lighter, Phelps Motor Temperature Regulator, Allston Gasoline Filter, Thompson Air Cleaner, Grabb and Grabb Clutch, Matthews Hardware and Shino Paint.



"Why not take me to a night club, Fred? You're not bashful, are you?"  
Fred: Not bashful, no,—but terribly, terribly shy.

Yes, sir, this car has absolutely everything to make it a worthy exponent of the Zizzmobile Company's name!

**INTERVIEWER:**  
Did any of your ancestors receive any great honors?

**MOVIE STAR:** Yes, I was named after my great-grandfather.

*Fashion Hints from Chicago, Showing Which Way the Wind Blows on Michigan Boulevard*



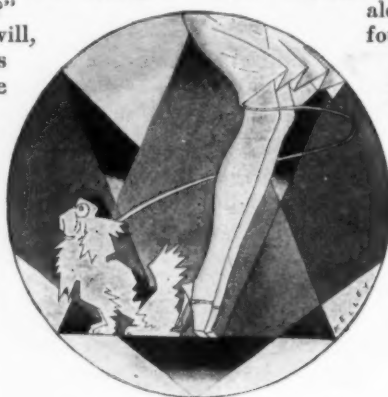
## Daylight Saving in Ye Good Olde Days

"O DZOOKS, Lady Gwendolyn, wilt fetch me yon hour-glass from the refectory?"

"Marry, that I will, Sir Hubert.... 'Tis Whitsunday, the day we change our time, I wot."

"Thou hast put the correct interpretation upon it, my chuck.... Thank thee; prithee put it down here upon this table. There! And now, my sweet, dost thou turn the hour-glass this way, or that? I forget me."

"Let me think, Sir Hubert. If one should upturn the glass from left to right, 'twould mean that the sand had yet an hour to run till noonday.... Yet, hold! Methinks it should be 'tother way round. For if on yester'en it were midnight at the twelfth hour, to-day, I wot, it will be midnight ere then. Or what say you?"



Another pair of legs, also for no particular reason. (But they are attractive, aren't they?)

"Of a certainty, my gosling, I wot not. A plague upon these meddling aldermen with their foul and unchristian devices! A pox upon ye new-fangled Daylight Saving Time!"

(There is a tinkle of glass as the mediæval timepiece shatters against the chimney-ingle.)

N. R. J.

HUSH, little handkerchief, don't you cry; You'll be a party dress by and by!

## Vindication

MRS. SO-AND-SO'S gone away—

What of it?

Her daughter will make her debut in May—

What of it?

The Booster's Guild has enrolled new men,

And the Useless Club's elected again, The same old gang's in control, but then—

What of it?

Well, there's this to say for the So-and-So's,

And the Useless Clubs, and Society's woes,

That buying the news is their daily stint—

They're entitled to see their names in print;

So if you're displeased, as you darkly hint—

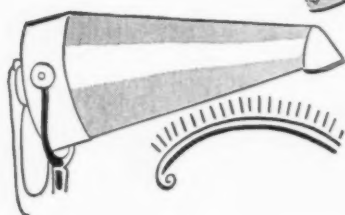
What of it?

Florence Webster Long.

## Had a Date

TEACHER: So she said: "Curfew shall not ring to-night," and climbing into the bell-tower she clung to the great bell and muffled it with her bare and bleeding hands.

PUPIL: Gosh, she certainly must have wanted to stay out late!



Madame: I met you at the Comtesse's bridge party, so I've come around to your Beauty Shop to have my face and hair completely done over.

Monsieur: I'm always glad to renew an acquaintance.





*Mediaeval Mother: Now stand still, Willie, or Mother will never be able to cut down Father's old suit of armor to fit you*

## Two Fashionable Ladies Read a Copy of Harper's Bazar

"OH, look at this, Mrs. Finkl. It says here, 'Mesdames—You adore the subtlety of my gowns—Now I bring to America my new "sophistication" lingerie,' and it's signed, "Ch Drecoll"—that's the celebrated Parisian couturier."

"Charming, isn't it, Mrs. Blom? But what does that 'Ch' mean?"

"That's a French title, Mrs. Finkl. It means 'Chevalier,' I believe. But look at these delightful names they've thought up for the underwear—'Joli,' 'Allusion,' 'Bébé' (oh, that one's sweet!), 'Enchanté,' 'Bon Nuit' and 'Vif.'"

"They certainly are smart, indeed, Mrs. Blom. But what does 'Vif' mean?"

"That's a kind of a cheer, Mrs. Finkl. You know how they say, 'Vif La France.' But do look at this where it says, 'Riding to hounds at Radnor, playing golf at Pine Valley, listening to a symphony, or dancing at the Ritz-Carlton—the Philadelphia woman invariably presents a lovely picture.'"

"Mr. Finkl and I once stopped

over at Philadelphia on the way back from the convention in Atlantic City. Such a lovely town! But what would 'riding to hounds' mean?"

"That's just a phrase—a kind of expression, you know, Mrs. Finkl..."



*"What happened when you told Ellie she had on too much rouge?"*

*"She got hot under the color."*

Oh! Here's the Baron de Meyer's article! He says, 'Everything Madame Boulanger shows is most carefully studied; nothing she ever does is ever banal, ever overdone. Her creations are the quintessence of Parisian chic.' Aren't those costumes smart, Mrs. Finkl?"

"Oh, they are, indeed. But what does 'banal' mean, Mrs. Blom?"

"Well, that's one of those French terms, Mrs. Finkl. It means kind of—well, kind of snappy—you know what I mean. But now you must look at these charming designs where it says, 'Evening gowns from Dœuillet embody the distinction preferred by the true elegants that is so charmingly shown by the gown of pale rose satin with an asymmetric cut ending in two godets.'"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Blom, but what do..."

"I do love to read fashion magazines, don't you, Mrs. Finkl? I mean, they really appeal to smart people, don't you think so?"

"Yes, Mrs. Blom, indeed they do!"

R. E. Sherwood.





MAY 12, 1927

VOL. 89. 2323

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

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R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor

F. D. CASEY, Art Editor



WITH all manner of things happening in the world, moving accidents of flood and field, China in a state of chaos, the stock market ailing, the digestion of Governor Smith's letter proceeding in politics and the discussion of Sacco and Vanzetti, the best place on the news pages of the newspapers is given at this writing to a murder trial. Murders seem to increase in number, interest and variety, and, as news, a first-class murder with sex complications seems to outrank everything else.

Maybe it is due to this pressure of news that more attention has not been paid to a communication made by M. Briand on April 6, the tenth anniversary of our entry into the War, to the American people. In that communication M. Briand proposes a mutual agreement between the United States and France "tending to outlaw war as between these two countries." It was observed on this page of LIFE last week that the great truth about peace seems to be that it must come spiritually before it can come physically. M. Briand says in effect that so far as France is concerned in its attitude to the United States, that condition has been attained; that so far as concerns a policy of peace, "the United States and France already appear before the world as morally in full agreement." He believes it would be useful to the general cause of peace in the world if those countries should give formal testimony of the position they have attained on that subject.

His remarks, as said, are addressed not to the American Government but to the American people.

Nevertheless, any effective action taken on them must be taken by the governments of the two countries. What have Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Borah to say to this suggestion? We shall not know until sufficient popular interest has been aroused in it to bring it powerfully to their attention. Dr. Murray Butler in a letter in the *Times* has tackled the job of bringing it to notice, for he thinks M. Briand's message is of extraordinary importance and that the American people should hear it. Possibly it can be put across to them if the newspapers will help, and murder trials will let up a little.



GOVERNOR SMITH'S confession of faith is very popular and has undoubtedly strengthened him as a candidate. All the same, its strength lies most of all in its being not the confession of a candidate but of a sincere man who thinks what he thinks in religion irrespective of politics.

Not enough credit has been given to Mr. Charles Marshall for the letters which he contributed to the discussion from which Governor Smith has emerged with so much applause. Their spirit, manner and intention were all excellent. The Governor did not answer Mr. Marshall's second letter and in that he seems to have been well advised. Mr. Marshall's chief concern was about the polity of the Church. Now Governor Smith is a good deal like Henry Ford in that he has not much used his excellent mind for storage of information that he could do with-

out. He has informed himself about things that he had to know and done it thoroughly. He knows what is necessary to his job. Whatever his job may come to be, he will probably know what belongs to it. He has probably never read Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and does not know why its author has been called the Judicious Hooker. What chiefly worries the more intelligent and humane anti-Catholics is the claims of the Papacy to supremacy in power of various kinds. Governor Smith will have nothing to do with them. They have never affected his activities and he has no fear that they ever will. He seems willing to leave such matters to such belligerents as the Archbishop of Westminster, the ranking Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic in England, who likes to discuss the exclusive claims of his Church and has been doing it lately in a loud voice.



A GREAT panoramic war picture came from France the other day for exhibition in these States. The papers have since reported that Colonel House has been painted out of it and Ambassador Herrick put in his place, and that Colonel House's friends are quite put out about it. They needn't worry. The French painters seem to have been governed by the sentiment of the moment, but the sentiment of the moment is highly precarious in any country.

What ails current French opinion about Colonel House? Is it that he fell down on the job so far as France was concerned? And Wilson, too? Will Wilson also be left out of the picture?

Probably not unless it is also proposed to leave Wilson out of the History of the War. Yet he was not preëminently the friend of France. He was only so when France was good. Neither was he preëminently the friend of Italy or even of Britain, and there are those who would question how deeply he was infatuated with the United States. The fact is, Wilson's interest seemed to be in mankind rather than in fractions of it, and mankind goes along indefinitely without naming streets after such persons or putting them into pictures. But in the end they get due notice.

E. S. Martin.





No Sign of Abating



Five Famous Ladies ~ (The E



(The Fashion Artists Would Depict Them)

(Left to Right) Priscilla Alden,  
Jeanne D'Arc, Charlotte Corday,  
Molly Pitcher and Queen Dido



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Barker.** *Billmore*—Back-stage in a tent show as the locale for several personal conflicts of one sort or another. A good show, with Walter Huston heading the cast.

**Caponsacchi.** *Hampden's*—Browning's "The Ring and the Book" made into a romantic drama for Walter Hampden and lots of people in costume.

**Crime.** *Times Square*—James Rennie as the soft-hearted crook who plans one of the most exciting robberies in town. The show isn't much but that one scene is.

**The Field God.** *Greenwich Village*—Mountaineers in trouble again. Worthy but not so good as "In Abraham's Bosom" by the same author.

**The House of Shadows.** *Longacre*—One of the minor mystery plays, with Tom Powers in the lead.

**The Mystery Ship.** *Comedy*—Possibly a good idea for a thriller but it is hard to tell. As it stands it is practically nothing.

**Sierra's Spanish Art Theatre.** *Forrest*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Silver Cord.** *Golden*—An extremely interesting speculation on the value of "Mother Love."

**The Spider.** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Now there's a mystery show for you!

**Spread Eagle.** *Martin Beck*—A merciless exposure of the methods used to line the citizenry up for a war, and good melodrama into the bargain. Recommended to the citizenry—and everybody else.

**The Squall.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Sex raising its ugly head in sunny Spain, to the accompaniment of an unnecessarily loud thunderstorm.

**The Thief.** *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Wall Street.** *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Wooden Kimono.** *Fulton*—One of those thrillers which are so ridiculous that you are frightened to death.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—And so the great, big father bear said: "Who-o-o's been eating my porridge-porridge?"

**Broadway.** *Broadhurst*—It seems rather silly to keep on saying that this is a good show when every one knows it by now.

**Chicago.** *Music Box*—A very necessary spanking on our national fundamentals, delivered in high good humor and worth seeing.

**The Comic.** *Masque*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Constant Wife.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Ethel Barrymore showing that there is such a thing as light comedy.

**The Devil in the Cheese.** *Plymouth*—Fantasy which has apparently made a go of it.

**The Gossipy Sex.** *Mansfield*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Hearts Are Trumps.** *Morisco*—French comedy which doesn't matter much one way or another. Vivian Martin and Frank Morgan head the cast.

**Her Cardboard Lover.** *Empire*—Jeanne Eagels not so impressive in a fair French piece, in which Leslie Howard shines.

**Love Is Like That.** *Cort*—Just moderate entertainment, and that is giving it the breaks.

**The Play's the Thing.** *Henry Miller's*—Refined salacity, nicely done by Holbrook Blinn and a good cast.

**The Road to Rome.** *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl as the charming Roman matron who saved her city from Hannibal at practically no cost to herself. History as it should be told.

**Saturday's Children.** *Booth*—A quietly delightful comedy, with tears, dealing with young folks trying to make both ends meet. Ruth Gordon plays the young wife.

**The Second Man.** *Guild*—Fine acting by Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore in one of the season's nicest comedies.

**The Seventh Heart.** *Mayfair*—To be reviewed later.

**Sinner.** *Klaw*—Claiborne Foster and Allan Dinehart in a play dealing with adultery, such as it is.

**Tommy.** *Eltinge*—Small-town love affairs among the younger set. All right.

**Two Girls Wanted.** *Little*—No harm done at all.

**What Anne Brought Home.** *Wallack's*—Very mild.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Cherry Blossoms.** *Cosmopolitan*—The customary Japanese operetta.

**The Circus Princess.** *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed next week.

**Countess Maritza.** *Jolson's*—Very good music from Vienna.

**The Desert Song.** *Casino*—One of the season's best, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

**Hit the Deck.** *Belasco*—To be reviewed next week.

**Honeymoon Lane.** *Knickerbocker*—Based on the successful theory that what a lot of people have liked before they will like again. Eddie Dowling is the beneficiary.

**Lady Do.** *Liberty*—Dancing, etc., in the customary combination.

**Le Maire's Affairs.** *Majestic*—Quite an evening's entertainment, what with Lester Allen, Charlotte Greenwood and Ted Lewis.

**Lucky.** *New Amsterdam*—Expensive presentation of Walter Catlett, "Skeets" Gallagher, Mary Eaton and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

**A Night in Spain.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Oh, Kay!** *Imperial*—Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw still pleasing people.

**Peggy-Ann.** *Vanderbilt*—Something distinctly different, with very nice music and Helen Ford.

**Queen High.** *Ambassador*—Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles in a successful musical version of "A Pair of Sixes."

**The Ramblers.** *Lyric*—Some very funny stuff by Clark and McCullough.

**Rio Rita.** *Ziegfeld*—A beautiful production with a splendid ballet and some comedy by Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

**Scandals.** *Apollo*—George White in the spot which used to be occupied by Mr. Ziegfeld.

**Yours Truly.** *Shubert*—Another dresy production, with Leon Errol in good form and Marior Harris singing to our complete satisfaction.



"How soon will you be ready, dearie?"

"Just as soon as I've put on my Coty's and panties."

(NOTE: These little frocks, used for bounding about in rooms and things, come in all sizes except yours.)



## Spring Fret

**H**OLDING a fanatical hatred for spring in any of its manifestations, we are quite likely to look with a jaundiced eye on those plays which open during that despicable season. When a man steps from broad daylight at eight-thirty p. m. into a theatre he is in no mood for illusion. This should be borne in mind in reading our estimates from now until fall.

Although quite a large number of plays have been opening and closing lately, there doesn't seem to be much news. They were that kind. All right in their way but nothing to keep you awake beyond midnight after seeing them. Perhaps not until midnight.



**T**HERE was a revival of Bernstein's "The Thief," with Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill, all very smooth and creditable and unexciting. Miss Brady, as usual, knew what to do and did it, and it seemed that Mr. Atwill agitated his features a little less than in the past. As a matter of fact, about the only thing wrong with "The Thief" is its age.

It was in the original production of "The Thief" in this country that we felt the first stirrings of that critical faculty which has since enlightened both continents with its cold, hard light. We shall never forget the thrill which came over us as we realized that, regardless of her being starred, we were coming to the decision—all by ourself—that Margaret Illington wasn't very good. It was the boy Hercules feeling the first touch of the unhappy serpents between his fingers.



**A**FTER several seasons of pleasing London, Lynne Overman is back with us again, an even more expert farceur than when he was in "Just Married." During all these years we have treasured the memory of his going to the porthole of the ship on which he was an unsuspecting passenger and then calling up the purser to ask "the idea of all this water."

There is nothing in "The Gossipy Sex" to give Mr. Overman the chance that he had in "Just Married," but evidently he doesn't need much of a chance in order to be funny. And it is especially to his credit that he is able to play the rôle of a gossipy male without making it naney.

The play itself, while it has a characterization which should give it distinction, somehow manages to avoid it. With Mr. Overman and his mythical off-stage friend "Charlie Twichell" (evidently "Mrs. Harris's" boy),

the thing has the makings of something to be remembered. As it is, all that we remember is Mr. Overman. We hope that he sticks around awhile now.



**I**N "Wall Street" we find the old story of the magnate who found out that money isn't anything without love, only this time it is tricked out with all the appurtenances of modern drama. It has a revolving stage and scenes in the dark, and the characters drop their pronouns when speaking. (Incidentally, this idea that short, staccato sentences with only a third of the necessary words in them make for a stark and impressive reality is one of the many delusions under which our modern boys are laboring. They are as artificial as anything Charles Rann Kennedy ever wrote.)

The story of "Wall Street" couldn't be more banal. Its only original feature is that the father knows all along that his promising young secretary is really his own son come back to avenge his mother. This saves us what would probably have been a pretty trying scene when the news comes out. And there are enough trying scenes as it is, what with Arthur Hohl having heart-trouble all over the place and dying like so many flies from ten-fifteen to eleven.

If "Wall Street" had been done in Fourteenth Street and called "The Curse of Riches" it would have been very good. But no whirling stage can make it modern.



**T**HE emotional effect of "The Comic" is fairly mild, but pleasantly so. It is a Hungarian work by some one with the nom de plume of "Lajos Luria," which, if we remember our Hungarian, is probably called "Luria Lajos" in contrary Budapest. Whoever he is, he knows his Molnar and has heard somewhere of a dandy idea of writing a play within a play. He has put this bomb-shell of an idea into rather deft practice and the result is what is known in critical circles as "a pleasant evening in the theatre." Miss Patricia Collinge helps to make it such and, if Mr. J. C. Nugent has snapped out of the state of coma he seemed to be in at first, he is probably doing his share too.

According to a folder distributed at "The Comic," this Hungarian bit of comedy is at this very moment being played in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Norway and Czecho-Slovakia. There is something sinister in the obvious omission of France from this route. Are we on the brink of another *Mittel-Europa* alliance and war?

Robert Benchley.



First Laborer: Tell me, Nigel, why do you insist upon using the Little Gem Kant-Slip Rivets in your work?

Second Laborer: Because I like nice things.

## The Young Radical of the Nineties

"PERSONALLY, Miss Armitage, I see no reason why ladies should not have equal suffrage with the men."

"Oh, Mr. Swayne!"

"Did I startle you? I beg your pardon. I am afraid I have some rather—well, radical ideas. For instance, why is a young man expected to sow his wild oats, while his sisters are models of decorum?"

"Mr. Swayne! Really!"

"And another thing: how can you play a lively game like tennis in those long skirts? Couldn't the ladies shorten the hem to just above the ankle?"

"Mr. Swayne—I'm—I'm almost afraid of you! You seem to know so much about the world."

"Miss Armitage... have you ever, by any chance, wanted to smoke a cigarette, just to see what it was like?"

(There is a loud shriek, followed by a muffled thud as Miss Armitage collapses gracefully on the floor.)

Norman R. Jaffray.

TWO fires in the New York subway seriously crippled the telephone service, which is about the same thing as kicking a man when he's already down.

## Dutiful Doris

SHE realizes that much of the modern fiction would not be suitable for her mother to read, so she has a standing order with a bookseller to send her everything dubious so she can decide whether it should have a place on the living room table.

She knows how embarrassing it is for parents to have to explain an odd or unusual child, so she dances at the night clubs so as not to excite comment.

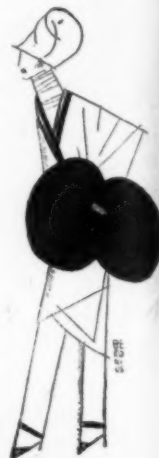
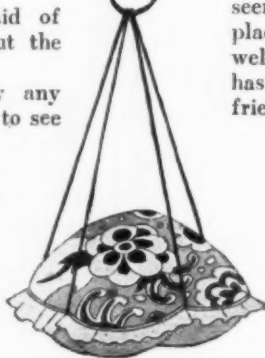
She makes it a rule never to be seen on a party in a questionable place. Before a place is known well enough to be questionable she has tired of it and has taken her friends somewhere else.

McC. H.

## Progress

"HOW are you coming along with your new car?"

"Well, I'm getting so I can read the oil advertisements in the magazines without being scared."





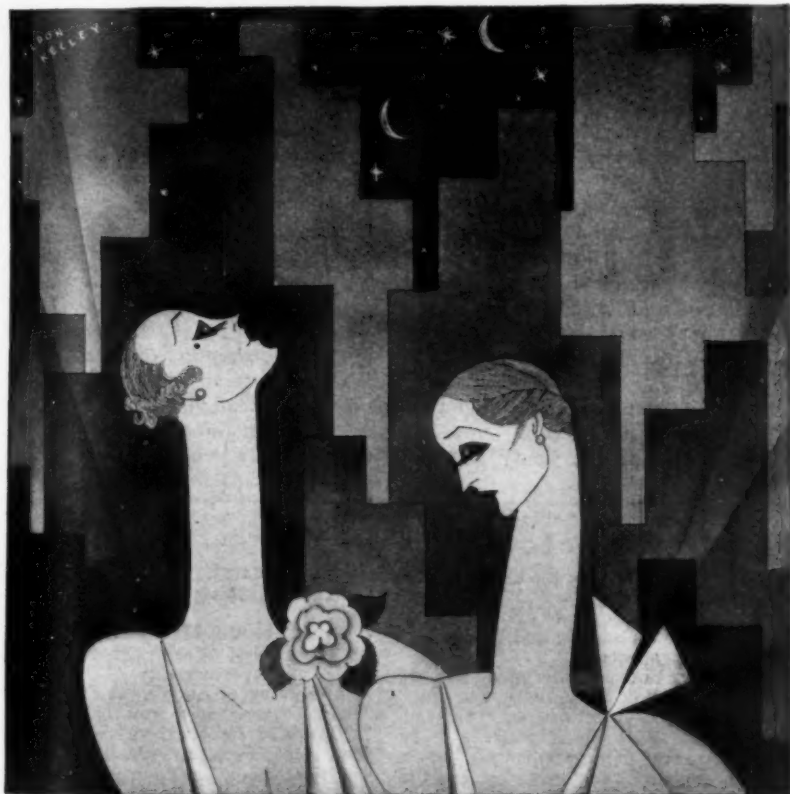
## Justice in Gehenna

**SATAN:** I am sure you will be comfortable here, Mr. Writer of Ladies' Wear Advertisements, for you will find the atmosphere soft and shimmering, with a new note of distinction which is really fascinating in that miracle of chicness, the steam, slyly concealing plump lines and cleverly emphasizing the slim ones, and you cannot help noting the concession to individualized taste in that necessary complement, the flame, with just enough of that desirable worldly look tempered by charming enhancement of the silhouette with emphasis on the tinsel influence. And these cinders! Are they not charming with their gloriously fresh motif of conservative smartness governed by essential color cadences which breathe luxurious refinement? Silken poetry, I say... (And so on throughout eternity.) *Gerald Cosgrove.*



## At the Art Galleries

**HE:** Why are you so fond of Picasso?  
**SHE:** Picasso like nice things.



"How, my dear Ambrosine, do you account for the well-nigh excessive length of girls' necks in this day and age?"

"It's all attributable to the homely old economic principle, *ma chère*—you know, the supply increasing in proportion to the demand."

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm all hot and BOTHERed—I mean I could ACTUALLY ROLL over and BUTter myself with disMAY because I honestly think it does you NO good to sort of preTEND that you are an OUT-door GIRL type when you are just NORMAL and would HEAPS rather sit aROUND and do NOTHING, do you know what I MEAN? I mean I think simply LOADS of girls will go to practicably ANY lengths to sort of give the impRES-sion that they are athAletic and all when they are actually perfectly PUNK at games and things like that because they have the iDEA that MEN who are kind of VIRulent and everything simply ADORE a girl if she is athAletic and the OUT-door type and I mean simply OODles of girls say they SIMPLY ADORE out-door SPORTS like SAILing and SWIMming and everything, but I mean they can practicably NEVER go sailing without being SEAsick and their iDEA of SWIMming is to reCLINE on the BEACH in a snappy BATHing suit from PARIS and FLIRT madly with everybody. But, ANYways, I AC-tually think the ONLY way to do is to be NATural because I mean MEN will think all the MORE of YOU if you are not all the time preTENDING to be something you are NOT, because I think it is only a question of TIME when they find you OUT—I mean I ACTUALLY DO!"

*Lloyd Mayer.*

## Expert Advice

**MERCHANT:** Do you believe the business man should go into politics?

**POLITICIAN:** Certainly, provided he has plenty of money, is willing to spend it and goes in on my side.

## The SILENT DRAMA



## "The King of Kings"

**I**N my time, I have said many mean things about Cecil B. De Mille's products; but all previous remarks on this subject should be discounted when I state that his latest offering, "The King of Kings," did not impress me nearly so much as it should. It is marred by three or four typically De Millian instances of bad taste; in view of the ambitious scope of the picture, however, and the colossal dignity of its theme, it is surprising that these lapses were so few in number and so commendably unimportant.

My only real complaint with Mr. De Mille in this instance lies in his selection of H. B. Warner for the rôle of Christ—a woefully unhappy choice, it seems to me. Mr. Warner's firm, thin-lipped, unyielding countenance is wrong to begin with; on top of that, his make-up is atrociously bad. Of course, these external defects would be quickly forgotten if his performance glowed with truth and reality; but it fails utterly to do so. Mr. Warner appears at all times to be so terrified of the great character that he has been called upon to portray that he never for one moment relaxes his almost painful rigidity. He never softens, never

melts; he indulges in no human, natural expressions, no easy, graceful gestures; he is always a nervous, self-conscious actor.

The introduction that Mr. De Mille has devised for him is extraordinarily fine, and when Mr. Warner fails to rise to this first occasion, it is obvious to the spectator that he will miss all the magnificent opportunities that are to follow.

**OPINIONS** on "The King of Kings" are bound to vary tremendously, depending entirely on the ability of the individual spectator to accept H. B. Warner's representation of Christ as credible and convincing. I found myself unable to accept it as such and the picture, beautiful as it was, missed its main point.

**I**N other respects, "The King of Kings" is moving, absorbing, inspiring, elevating and everything else that Mr. De Mille intended it should be. Furthermore, it is beautifully played—from Ernest Torrence (as Peter), Victor Varconi (as Pilate), and Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut (as Caiaphas and Judas) down to the smallest of the many children

who appear in its cast. I liked Mr. Varconi best of all; his impersonation of the hapless Roman politician who knew which side his bread was buttered on is eminently right.

The backgrounds, the lighting, the composition and the photography are as consistently beautiful as anything that I have ever seen, on the screen or elsewhere. From the director's point of view, "The King of Kings" is a masterpiece.

**AS** to the instances of bad taste:

At the start, there is the indication of a red-hot romance between Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot. This, luckily, is dropped—but the character of Judas is entirely misrepresented until the end.

In connection with the Crucifixion, there is the usual and apparently inevitable attempt to spare the sensibilities of the Jewish race by concentrating the guilt on a scheming group of pharisean villains. (In "Ben-Hur," it appeared that Christ was crucified by the Romans.)

The Resurrection scene, at the finish, is represented in colors, with doves, artificial lilies, etc., so that it resembles nothing more impressive than a badly printed Easter card.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**Ankles Preferred.** A cheap, wise-cracking comedy of a shopgirl's rise, with Madge Bellamy and a great deal of unpardonable vulgarity.

**Chang.** Absorbingly interesting and frequently thrilling views of man's struggle for existence in the jungle, produced by those hardy adventurers, Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack.

**White Gold.** Heavy drama in the arid sheep country, with one "big" scene. Jetta Goudal is the star.

**The Sea Tiger.** Milton Sills as the hero of one of those very violent affairs in which every one sees red, including the audience.

**Casey at the Bat.** A raucous comedy of baseball in the Gay Nineties, involving Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling and Zasu Pitts.

**Fashions for Women.** Esther Ralston wears a great many clothes (though

very few at a time) in a silly but entertaining picture.

**Long Pants.** Some of Harry Langdon's comedy is superb, and some of it is very dreary indeed.

**It.** Clara Bow uses everything she has with rather effective results.

**The Rough Riders.** An "epic" of the Spanish War which manages to be interesting though not particularly heroic. There are fine performances by the Messrs. Farrell and Mack.

**Metropolis.** As an example of photographic acrobatics, this is marvelous; as a philosophic look into the future, it is just plain dumb.

**When a Man Loves.** John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in costumes and positions that are very becoming.

**Let It Rain.** Broad comedy in a naval setting, with Douglas MacLean at his liveliest.

**The General.** Buster Keaton tries hard to keep this going, but most of it is dull.

**Tell It to the Marines.** Lon Chaney as the noblest Marine of them all—a really great performance.

**The Love of Sunya.** A fat part for Gloria Swanson in a very thin story.

**The Kid Brother.** There are many loud laughs in this Harold Lloyd comedy, but there might well have been more.

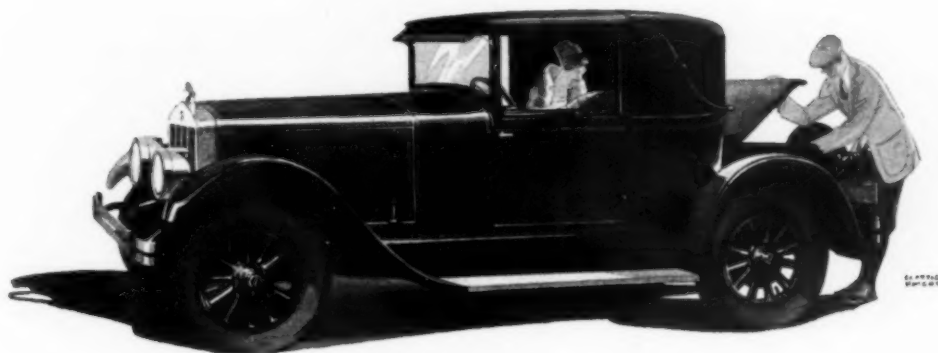
**Flesh and the Devil.** John Gilbert and Greta Garbo accept the popular invitation to get hot.

**The Better 'Ole.** Syd Chaplin in a crude but funny interpretation of Baim's father's war cartoons.

**Stark Love; Old Ironsides; What Price Glory; The Scarlet Letter; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Beau Geste; The Fire Brigade and The Big Parade.** All worth your while.



The 25th Anniversary Franklin



## *Now on the Crest of a New Wave of Success - THE FRANKLIN COUPÉ*

**F**IRST of the modern personal closed cars, the Franklin Coupé has always been one of the fastest-selling. Today, new superiorities are again adding to its popularity.

All the advanced smoothness and responsiveness of the new power developments which have won new thousands to the 25th Anniversary Franklin—all the jarless comfort, effortless handling and changeless reliability which have built Franklin's past growth—

All the delight of owning the only car with air-cooling, the system that has swept aviation to its achievements of the past year—all the minute betterments in appearance, performance and endurance which tell the story of Franklin care and precision—

And all combined in a closed car of exceptional design appeal and practicality—hand-crushed leather trim, broad 3-passenger seat, clear-vision pillars, over-size luggage spaces. Its very history indicates its outstanding value: it pioneered the safety front pillar—it ran up an output double that first scheduled—it bowed only to the Sedan in volume popularity.

Its present price is the crowning feat and attraction. First Franklin closed car priced below \$2500, this Coupé is likewise the first true quality car you meet as you mount the price scale.

*Franklin prices throughout are the most favorable in Franklin history. Ask about the 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan.*

# FRANKLIN



# Chew DENTYNE ...and smile!



**Y**OUR teeth are on display when you smile. They should be gleaming, sparkling white behind your lips. Men and women who value clean, white teeth now chew delicious Dentyne—the gum that makes teeth white and beautiful.

• KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE •

## The Composite Advertisement Reader Visits the Barber Shop

"AM I next? Well, then, what are the facts in this shaving business? Here I am with a tough, wiry beard and a moist, tender skin full of tiny ridges and irregularities, and I want the thrill of a close shave with a sense of shower-bath exhilaration, a radical advance in comfort and economy, and a glorious after-feel of skin satisfaction hitherto unknown which will tone up my face and leave it cool, clean, tingling, and velvet-smooth, and I'll never go back to ordinary methods, for a new light has dawned upon my shaving problems, I know what dermutation means, and I demand that you try the modern way to drench the base of my beard with billions of bubbles of amazing smallness made from the bulky, super-saturated lather of that improved and luxurious soap which

breaks up the oil film, multiplies itself two hundred and fifty times, and is guaranteed to take the fight out of the stiffest stubble by holding each hair erect for cutting and rendering it soft and pliable so that thousands of men once wedded to rival soaps have shifted to this new creation. You will, of course, use no brush, but just the tips of the fingers and a razor of velvety smoothness whose preëminence is an accepted fact, and finish up with a dash of antiseptic lotion made by the same company and an invisible talc powder with man-style fragrance, and as a favor to you I'll accept a ten-day free trial of your ability, failing which I'll get a bottle of hair tonic and grow a set of permanent whiskers. What about it?"

W. W. Scott.

## Rhymed Reviews

### The Hard-Boiled Virgin

By Frances Newman.

Boni & Liveright.

I FAIL to find the Golden Fleece, A Tidal Wave, or Cosmic Urge in This Mencken-boosted masterpiece Of mordant wit, "The Hard-Boiled Virgin."

It may be "civilized"—(a pet Encomium, already dated), It may be "devastating," yet It leaves one soul undevastated.

Though critics bid the rank and file Adore it from its first initial, The vastly overrated style Is bad, obscure and artificial.

It may reveal, for all I care, Atlanta's chivalry and fashion; I hardly have a yawn to spare For Katharine's feeble puffs of passion.

I do not mind how far she thrust Her charms on lovers meek or haughty, But keep my virginal disgust For books that toil at being naughty.

I, too, can call a spade a spade, Though Nature made me mild and gentle, And loathe a stark undress parade Of symptoms, physical and mental.

I rate this Katharine Faraday At fourteen cents with twelve subtracted; I don't believe she wrote a play That any actors ever acted.

The type of egg that men discard— Though hen's, or ostrich's, or linnet's, She wasn't boiled so very hard, But, say, from four to seven minutes.

Arthur Guiterman.



Burglar: WELL, NOW YE'RE 'ERE, GUV'NOR, YER MIGHT AS WELL 'ELP CARRY THE STUFF OUT TO THE CAR.  
—Gaiety (London).



# Spalding discovered



## that *mild steel* banishes finger fatigue

*So the heads of the world's most accurately matched golf "irons" are made of this superior metal*

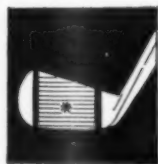
A STEEL clubhead hits a golf ball with a terrific impact. Where does the shock of the blow go? Spalding has discovered that it depends largely upon the kind of steel used.

Brittle steel resists the blow—transmitting the shock to your fingers. A succession of such blows often causes finger fatigue—that barely perceptible tiring of the finger muscles, which, by the end of a round, can affect the accuracy of your short game.

Mild steel absorbs the shock of the blow. Your fingers are relieved of the strain—a desirable condition in all your golf, a vitally important one in tournament play.

That is why the heads of all Spalding "Irons" are made of mild steel. You notice the difference in the sweeter feel of the impact as the mild-steel clubhead hits the ball.

### *Mild steel makes the "Sweet Spot" sweeter still*



The "Sweet Spot" is the one spot on the club face that gives greatest distance to the ball, and the sweetest feel to the shot. Every golf club has a "Sweet Spot." But it was Spalding who found that by planning the distribution of metal, it could be located in the same position on every club face. And Spalding has marked it there for you to see.

It was Spalding also who originated the idea of having golf clubs match each other. Spalding clubs are so perfectly related in balance and weight that they all *feel* exactly alike. You can time your swing the same for all of them. If you have analyzed the play of champions, you know that such uniformity is the secret of great golf. Spalding has put this uniformity into the clubs themselves.

These clubs have an exact relation of lie to lie. An exact graduation in the pitches of the blades. Even the torsion and resilience of the shafts is matched.

### *Your wood clubs should match too*

You can buy Spalding wood clubs which are as accurately related as the Spalding irons. It is important that this relation exist, too!



AT THE LEFT is shown an average set of golf clubs. The dotted line connects the centers of balance. There is little relation between them. Your swing and timing for each club would be a trifle different.

AT THE RIGHT are six Spalding clubs. Note that they are so accurately related that a line drawn through the centers of balance parallels the tops of the shafts. The clubs all feel exactly alike. The swing and timing is the same for every one of them.



Own a matched set . . Buy it complete  
or one club at a time

YOU can now build up a perfectly related set of golf clubs, one by one if you wish. Spalding's new Kro-Flite Related Irons are sold one at a time.

There are three groups, or swinging weights, to choose from—indexed by one (.) two (..) and three (...) dots. The irons in each group are accurately related in pitch, lie, balance and feel. Buy one or two clubs in the swinging weight that suits you best. Add to them at any time by selecting additional clubs of the same index.

Each group includes a No. 1 iron (driving iron), No. 2 (mid-iron), No. 3 (mid mashie), No. 4 (mashie iron), No. 5 (mashie), and No. 6 (mashie niblick). The Kro-Flite Related Irons are \$6.50 each. Kro-Flite Related Woods—Driver, Brassie and Spoon—are \$12.50 each.

Spalding also offers the famous Registered Sets. These are the sets which first brought the matched club idea to golfers.

Eight perfectly matched irons comprise the Registered Kro-Flite Set, at \$65. The Kro-Flite Registered Wood Set consists of twin driver and brassie, at \$30. Spoon to match, made to order, is \$15. Registered Sets must be bought complete.

Ask your professional to outfit you—either one at a time with Kro-Flite Related Clubs, or all at once with a Registered Set. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, and of course all Spalding Stores.

FREE—A GOLF CLUB BOOKLET that gives you a lot of information about clubs that you can apply to your own game. Simply request on a postal, "The First Requisite of Championship Golf" and mail to A. G. SPALDING & BROS., 105 Nassau Street, New York City.

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# Spalding

## KRO-FLITE

GOLF CLUBS

Registered sets—  
sold in sets only.

Related Clubs—  
sold one at a time.

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

## The Optimist Advertises

"Lost and Found"

"LOST—PAIR ROSE COLORED GLASSES.  
Finder, please call Adaleen Brown, Brown,  
Phone 397." R290  
—Brownsville (Texas) Herald.

We can think of a few other popular sentiments that might well be buried in the classified section. So far, however, the following advertisements have not appeared without piano accompaniment:

FOUND—TWO RAINBOWS AND  
One Bluebird, answering to name  
"Happiness," also silver lining to dark  
cloud. Owner can have same by identifying and paying finder for expenses chasing same. Box 37, Pillar.

WANTED—TO GO BACK TO THE  
little old shack in Alabama, California, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Nevada, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, or what have you? Call "Lonesome," Phone 388-J-ring 3.

INSOMNIA SUFFERERS—QUICK  
Relief in 15 minutes. Let me tuck you to sleep in my old Tucky home. Dr. Sleptucker, hours 8-11 p. m., 1 Main Street.

PUZZLE FANS—SEND FOR OUR  
"Mother" puzzle, amuses the kiddies. Set of 6 blocks, initialed M, O, T, H, E, R. Put them together and they spell what means the world to all of us. Mother Puzzle Block Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

—"Rig," in Chicago Evening Post.

## Our Oppressed Prexies

THE story goes that several college presidents were discussing what they would do after they retired. What would they be fit for, was the question.

"Well," said one of them, "I don't know that I'd be fit for anything, but I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum so I'd never get any letters from parents."

"I've a much better ambition," exclaimed another. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."—Harper's.

## Correction

"And if the protection of Americans abroad becomes an issue demanding decision, the American people will stand as a nut in support of their Government."—El Paso (Tex.) Herald.

That's bad grammar. It ought to be, "in support of his Government."

—New Yorker.

AN offer has been made to turn a London church into a restaurant. We trust no absent-minded diner will try to tip the waiter by dropping a button in the plate.—Punch.

"Yes," said the visitor from Boston, "I just came down for a few days to read a book."—New York Evening Post.



"HULLO, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A MARRIED MAN."

—Le Rire (Paris).

## To a Co-ed by an Impressionable Professor

(Apologies to Austin Dobson)

I intended a D

But it turned to an A.

Still (in justice to me),

I intended a D.

But you cocked up a knee,

And you smiled such a way....

I intended a D,

But it turned to an A!

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

HOST: What do you think of these cigars? I got them from an aeroplane pilot.

GUEST: What does he use them for—sky-writing?—London Opinion.

GREECE is going to remove the stain from the name of Socrates. What stain?

—Dallas News.



"AND WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA OF BECOMING A TEACHER?"

"MADAM... I THOUGHT... THAT THE BLACKBOARD WOULD SET OFF MY BLONDE HAIR SO BEAUTIFULLY."

—Journal Amusant (Paris).



Artist (buying materials): WHAT!

CHINESE BLACK HAS GONE UP?

Dealer (smoothly): WELL, THERE'S A WAR OVER THERE, YOU KNOW.

—L'Œuvre (Paris).

## Another Questionnaire

SHE: What mountain is that over there?

HE (shortly): I don't know.

SHE: Charles! You don't love me any more! On our honeymoon you used to know everything.—Dorfbarbier (Berlin).

HOLLYWOOD "COLLEGE" EXTRA: It's sure funny, but these students don't seem to know how to act like college guys.

—California Pelican.

THOSE who live in 'em nowadays have signs out in front reading, "Ye House by Ye Side of Ye Road."

—Arkansas Gazette.



Earnest Inquirer: IS IT TRUE YOU SAILORS HAVE A WIFE IN EVERY PORT? Sailor Jack Ashore: WOT'S YER GAME, 'ECTOR? TOUTIN' FOR A MATR'IMONIAL AGENCY?

—Bulletin (Sydney).



## The Collar Crisis

I've lately been forced to suspect  
That economists, statesmen and scholars

Have treated with shocking neglect  
The paramount issue of collars.  
"De minimis non curat lex"

Still holds, as I scarcely need mention,  
But the peace and well-being of necks  
Deserve sympathetic attention.

The collar that used to prevail,  
As high and as stiff as a barrel,  
No longer is offered for sale,  
Having ceased to be proper apparel,  
But the soft ones that came in its train  
Sag, droop and are too pessimistic,  
And give a well-localized pain  
To the man who's the least bit artistic.

If no one wore collars at all,  
It would be, in a way, a solution,  
But the necks we might see would appal,  
And the drapers would cry persecution,  
So the quest for the ultimate shirt  
Remains, so to speak, on this level:  
We must choose between collars that hurt  
And collars that look like the devil!  
—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

The bigger you are the harder they  
fall.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.



First Tragedian: ZOUNDS, HORACE,  
WHY AREN'T YOU WORKING?  
AREN'T YOU WITH THE ROAD SHOW  
OF "MACBETH"?

Second Nut: CORRECT, KNAVE,  
BUT THEY'RE REPAIRING THE ROAD.  
—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

## Manners and Modes

MOTHER: Darling, you were awfully  
late last night. I'm afraid I'm dread-  
fully old-fashioned, but I should like to  
know where you go.

DAUGHTER: Certainly, Mummy darling.  
I dined with—oh, well, you don't know  
him, and we went to several places I  
don't suppose you've been to, and we  
finished at a queer little club—I forget  
its name, but it's in a cellar somewhere  
in Soho. It's all right, isn't it, Mummy?

MOTHER: Of course, darling. It's only  
that I just like to know.—*Punch*.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a de-  
lightful tonic and invigorating—sample by mail, 25 cts.  
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## Idea for Illustration

Our political cartoon to-day, entitled  
"Censorship," was a bit beyond our pow-  
ers as an artist to draw, but the idea  
was a Dog in the Manger padlocking a  
Barn Door from which the Horse had  
been Stolen for Want of a Nail.

—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"Did you know I was a life-saver last  
summer?"

"Really, what flavor?"

—*Columbia Jester*.

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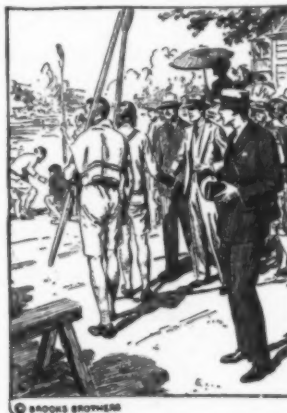
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fitted bag, too*

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Toilet ware

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**SPARRING PARTNER** (to prize-fighter): So long, kid; don't take any brass knuckles.

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in the  
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ROCKIES**

ARE you looking for a vacation with a lot of pep, a jolly crowd, and never a dull moment? Then go to a Bungalow Camp. Eat up the trails on horseback. Sit and sing by the blazing camp fire. Watch the moon ride the mountains. Just pick one or all of the eight Bungalow Camps. The cost? \$5.50 a day.

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Write Hotel Department, Windsor Station, Montreal or, local Canadian Pacific Offices. Mention B. C.-7

**WITH** fashions what they are nowadays, a woman can barely escape from almost anything.

Have you ever  
been called a  
**Drab Blonde?**  
—depressing, wasn't it?

The saleswoman slipped the chic little frock over your head, deftly adjusted the hem, and stepped back.

Why did a shadow of disappointment cross her face, as she looked at you?

Your eyes are always lovely—your skin fresh and youthful. What was it?

Isn't your hair a bit uninteresting?

But that is so unnecessary! A Golden Glint shampoo will change all that.

It's NOT a dye—it's a glint of gold for blonde hair.

It's NOT a dye—it's a hint of suburn for the darker shades.

And so easy to do by yourself at home... 25¢ at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct.

\*\*\* J. W. KOSI CO., 636D Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

**Golden Glint  
SHAMPOO**

—that magic luster for every shade of hair

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

poor, so when he does put this and that off on me on the grounds of consideration for the elderly, I do smile to myself and set grimly to work. To luncheon with Lydia Loomis, who was full of a party she had been to last night whereat ward politicians had been brought up from the East Side to mingle with the *beau monde*, and it did remind me of the district leader years ago who, finding himself temporarily alone in a drawing-room with the wife of his host, and being at a desperate loss for conversation, finally quoth, "I'll betcha ten dollars I can lift the piano!"

**April 20th** Lay late, pondering this and that, in especial why one cannot touch one's forehead without being asked if one has a headache, what I should do if I should ever board a taxicab whose driver did not match the photograph within, why the pure in heart are such sorry help in time of trouble, etc. Then, whilst ordering the groceries, a terrible sense of my own inefficiency did come upon me, for in spite of the vast sums my parents did lay out upon my education, I doubt if I could be trusted to remove the sand from two pounds of spinach. So, lest I become morbid about it and be later found wandering around the Grand Central Station in ignorance of my identity, up and to the shops to buy something lovely which I could not afford, but even a chiffon breakfast jacket which Du Barry might have envied did not set me up sufficiently, so, there being no hills to which to lift up mine eyes, I did decide that Leon Errol was the next most effective panacea, nor was I mistaken, neither, for I did go to "Yours Truly" all by myself and laugh so prodigiously at his antics that attempts to stifle my mirth sounded like minor wails of agony, and were greatly relished by all who sat near me. And when I did catch a piece of the artificial fruit which he threw out over the audience, my cure was complete, for it was the first realization of a lifelong ambition, albeit last Autumn I should have had one of Raquel Meller's bunches of violets had my next neighbor been more mannerly and less predatory.

Baird Leonard.

### Looking Backward

SIR LONDON RONALD has mentioned that twelve years ago there were only three saxophone players in England. Those were the good old days.

—Everybody's Weekly (London).



REFRESHING — SOOTHING — INVIGORATING



# EAU DE COTY

*Cool, tonic vigour for the skin and tissues. Soothing balm for warmth or weariness. Richly revitalizing for massage, friction, or in the bath.*

*Eau de COTY — essence of Sicilian fruits and flowers of France — fresh of fragrance — re-creating in effect — an altogether delightful sophistication of the toilette*



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Please mail to me free Santa Fe Booklets "California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "Indian-detour," "Colorado Summer."

### Among the New Books

**Young Men in Love.** By Michael Arlen (*Doran*). A long silence broken at last with a story of modern London in which the people are not so charming as usual, and the style indicates that Mr. Arlen unfortunately took his severest critics seriously. Interesting withal.

**Cleopatra's Private Diary.** By Henry Thomas (*Stratford*). Reducing a great lady to the psychology and vocabulary of a gold-digger.

**Are You Intelligent?** (*Harper*.) You are if you rate between forty-five and seventy-four on these seven tests taken from Yale's department of applied psychology.

**Lukundoo, and Other Stories.** By Edward Lucas White (*Doran*). Hair-raising thrillers.

**The New Medical Follies.** By Morris Fishbein, M. D. (*Boni & Liveright*). A brisk and fascinating investigation of the beauty shop industry, the weight reduction craze, rejuvenation, etc.

**The Girl from Rector's.** By George Rector (*Doubleday, Page*). The glamorous story of New York's gayest restaurant recounted by the son of its proprietor.

**The Almost Perfect State.** By Don Marquis (*Doubleday, Page*). The popular ex-columnist sets down a few of his own ideas of Utopia.

**Rogues and Vagabonds.** By Compton Mackenzie (*Doran*). Characteristic English middle-class romance.

**The Triumph of Youth.** By Jacob Wassermann (*Boni & Liveright*). The tragic story of a poetic boy against a sectional background of the Thirty Years' War.

**The Financier.** By Theodore Dreiser (*Boni & Liveright*). An abridged version of the 1912 edition.

**Marco Millions.** By Eugene O'Neill (*Boni & Liveright*). The first long play by this author to be published before production.

**The Old Countess.** By Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another portrayal of delicately balanced human relationships.

**Bevan Yorke.** By W. B. Maxwell (*Doubleday, Page*). Fictional evidence that fools do more harm in the world than knaves.

**A Fiddle for Eighteen Pence.** By Sybil Ryall (*Doran*). What happened to a young business woman who absent-mindedly ordered a thousand cases of truffles instead of ten.

**Mosquitoes.** By William Faulkner (*Boni & Liveright*). The story of a yachting party which the jacket affirms to be reminiscent of "South Wind."

**Passing the Love of Women.** By Joseph White (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A tale of two brothers written in the form of a journal by one of them to his wife.

**The Admiral and Others.** By Peggy Temple (*Dutton*). A twelve-year-old girl wrote it, and the jacket says it is a London sensation, which strengthens my conviction concerning how little it takes to set Mayfair by the ears.

**Half-Gods.** By Murray Sheehan (*Dutton*). A combination of realism and symbolism which lands a centaur in the midst of some bigoted small-town folk.

**Bill Myron.** By Dean Fales (*Dutton*). The rise and fall of a two-fisted hero.

**The Dark Fire.** By Elinor Mordaunt (*Century*). The conflict between a white woman and a dark one for the possession of a man's soul and body.

B. L.



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**STUBBORN SORES**  
and inflammations quickly  
yield to

**Resinol**

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## A First Novel

I

MR. WHIFFLE threw open the door. Obviously he was excited.

"Viola," he shouted.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Whipple, poking her blond head from the kitchenette.

"Viola, I've got one," he went on, holding out to her a white, round object. "I went to the ball game with George. A foul ball came into the stands. We had a wild scramble and I knocked down several men, but I got the ball."

"Why, Wentworth," she said, smiling, "isn't that just fine. And won't you have a lot of fun with it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Whipple, tossing it up and then catching it. "I expect to have lots of fun with it."

II

Mr. Whipple sat down with the evening paper in his hand. He reached for his spectacles. He had to have spectacles now. His father had had to have spectacles when he was about forty, too.

"Wentworth," said Mrs. Whipple, "I was cleaning out some things to-day and I came across that football you got a long time ago at a game of some kind. Shall I throw it away?"

"What's that? Football? Oh, I know what you mean. No, I want that, don't throw it away. That's all right. I want that."

III

Mr. Whipple was dozing—and in the early afternoon. That was why he didn't go to the office any more. The boss said it didn't look very well to have old men dozing at desks in the early afternoon.

"Wentworth," said Mrs. Whipple. "Oh, I didn't mean to wake you, Wentworth. Here's that ball you got—you know, that ball. I'm going to throw it away. You never use it. I'm going to throw it away."

"What?" said Mr. Whipple. "Oh, that. No, don't throw that away. I want that. Don't throw that away. I'll take care of it. Just leave it there. I'll put it somewhere."

IV

Mrs. Whipple was giving up the apartment. After all, it was too big for just one. Workmen were packing some of the things. She was sorting out others. In an old overshoe she found a small round object.

"Oh, it's that football," she said, but no one heard her. She picked it up. She sighed a little. Then she put it on a pile of refuse. One of the workmen found it there a little later. He started to toss it aside. Then he changed his mind and put it in his pocket.

"I'll have some fun with that," he said.

—Russel Crouse, in *New York Evening Post*.

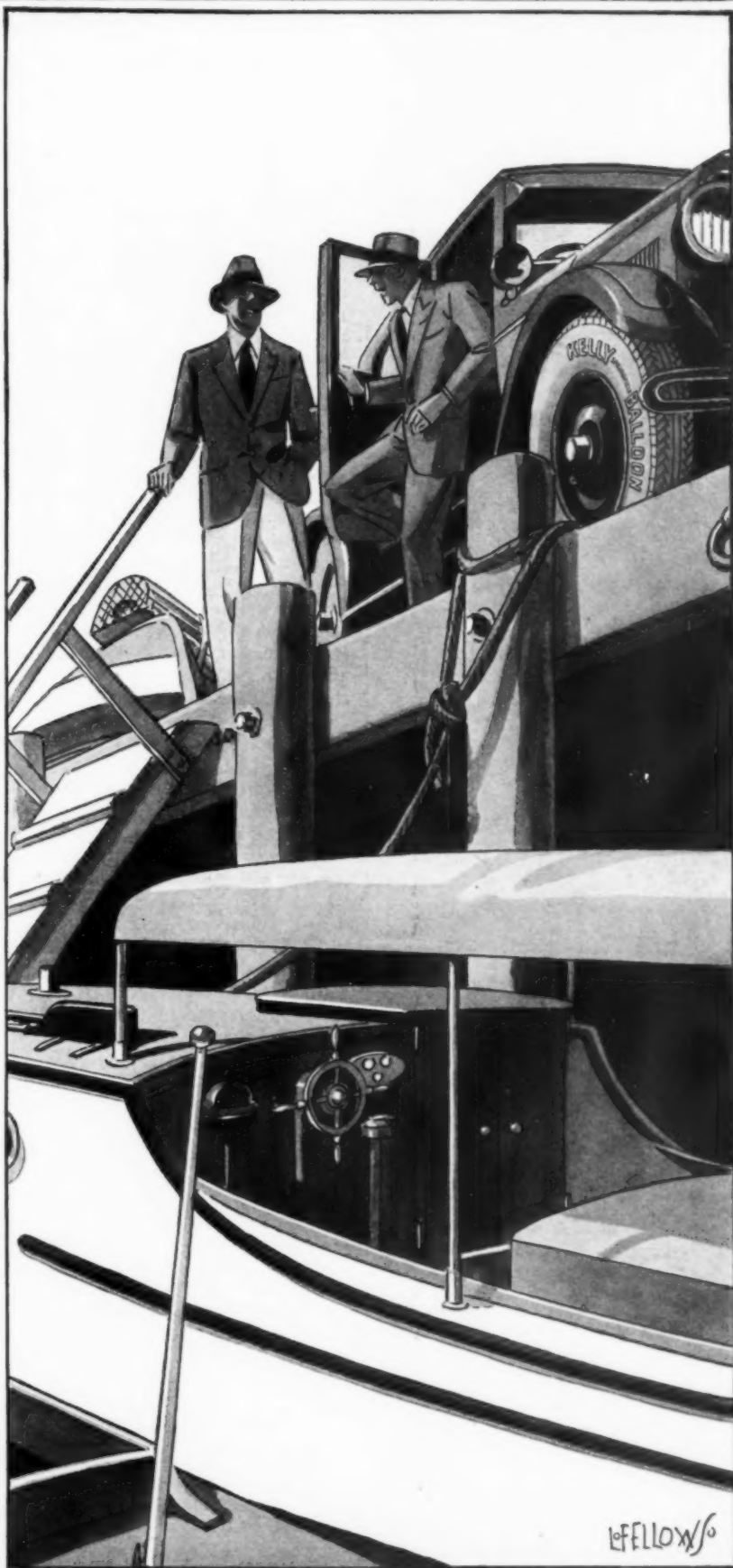
## Not a Motion Picture

"I GAVE that new shopwalker a piece of my mind this morning," said the girl at the handkerchief counter.

"What did you say?"


"He strolls up an' says, 'Miss Smith, show a little more interest in the customers, please!' an' I upped an' told him we weren't staging a shop scene an' he wasn't a film director."

—London Evening News.



"—and another advantage of a boat over a car is that you never have tire trouble."

"That's no advantage if you use Kelly-Springfield tires on your car."



20 for 20c  
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20 for 35c

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*P. S. If you play bridge, let us send you our attractive new Marlboro Bridge Score—mailed free upon request.*

## Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 13 for other information.)

**E**ACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it’s this way....” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant’s name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-TWO should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-TWO must reach LIFE’s office before 12 noon on May 26, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of June 16, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE’s staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

### Knowledge and Power

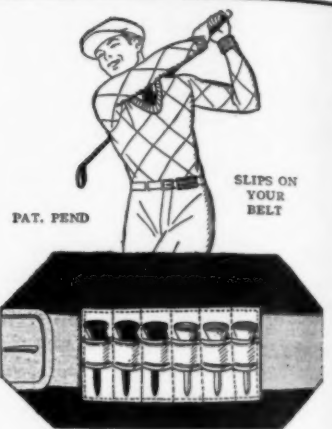
“WHAT good is a college degree?”

“Why, with a degree and a million dollars a man is a success.”

—Notre Dame Juggler.

A MOTORIST, recently stopped by the police for speeding, said he had an appointment with his dentist. It sounds like a very improbable story.

—Humorist (London).



## CHAMPION TEDDY TEE-HOLDER

will improve your game

Don’t search for tees. Keep them handy with the newest golf accessory—Champion Tee-Holder. Slips on your belt. Patented shape holds tees tightly. Neat appearance. Attractively made of genuine cow-hide leather. Three colors: Tan, Russet, Black. Holds all makes of tees. Price 50c. each complete with 6 tees. Professionals recommend Champion Tee-Holders. Sold by leading dealers. Ask for them by name. If yours cannot supply you write us.

CHAMPION BELT MFG. CO., Inc.  
36 East 20th Street, New York City  
Authorized by The Nieblo Mfg. Co., Inc.

Nor so long ago a thousand editorials were written entitled, “After Lenin—What?” It must be What that Russia is now in the midst of.—*Detroit News.*

## Clark’s Famous Cruises

By sumptuous, new, oil-burning Cunarders specially chartered, run like private yachts. Limited membership and rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop-over in Europe for spring and summer seasons.

### NORWAY Western Mediterranean

July 2, S.S. “LANCASTRIA,” 52 days, \$600 to \$1300. Like last summer’s great cruise success, visiting Lisbon, Spain (Madrid, Cordova, Granada), Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway Fjords, Edinburgh, Trossachs (Paris, London), Berlin.

### ROUND THE WORLD

Jan. 16 (8th cruise), over 4 months, \$1250 to \$3000, S.S. “CALEDONIA,” westward, via Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, 19 days Japan and China; optional 17 days India, Burma, Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Naples, Riviera, Havre (Paris).

### To The MEDITERRANEAN

Jan. 25 (24th cruise), 65 days, \$600 to \$1700, S.S. “TRANSYLVANIA,” featuring Spain, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Rome, Riviera, Havre (Paris).

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Originator of World cruises.  
Established thirty-two years.



## The Four-in-Hand Outrage

(Continued from page 9)

bulging and temples distended, a ghastly caricature of my real self.

Now this is a very strange thing to have happened in ten years. It can't be that I have forgotten how. It can't be that I have lost that amount of strength through loose living. It must be that some deliberate process has been adopted by the manufacturers to prevent four-in-hands from slipping under collars. What their idea can be is a mystery. You'd think they would want to make things as easy for their patrons as possible. But no! Modern business efficiency, I suppose! The manufacturers were in conference, I suppose! Rest-rooms for their women employees...oh, yes! Time clocks, charts, paper drinking-cups...oh, yes! But collars that hold ties immovable, and ties that stick in collars. That's what we get. That's what the Public gets. Prohibition was foisted on our boys while they were overseas, and while I was wearing soft collars the Powers-That-Be were putting the devil into stiff ones, so that when I come back to wearing them again I strangle myself to death. A fine civilization, I must say!

### Parade Pirate

ALL Diggers [Anzacs] who belonged to the fragments from France crowd at Perham Downs have kindly recollections of Dr. Hagenhaur, the M.O. He arrived on sick parade one morning to find the same old crowd waiting. He lined them up and told them that to the man who could tell him something original in yarns he would give seven days no duty. There was a bottle on the table, and as each man made his attempt he was directed to take one as a consolation prize. Bluey and Darkey were the two last. Bluey came up blinking.

"What's your trouble?"

"Me eyes, sir."

"What's wrong with your eyes?"

"I can't see in the dark, sir."

"Then take seven days off duty."

Turning to Darkey: "What's wrong with you?"

"I feel faint, sir."

"What makes you feel faint?"

"The cow in front pirated my complaint."

They went on leave together.

—Smith's Weekly (Sydney).

### Inference

FIRST STRANGER: There's a tremendous lot of wickedness in the world.

SECOND STRANGER: And how did you leave things in Chicago?

—Boston Transcript.

EDITOR (at home, to wife): That'll do, Maria! The Editor's decision is final.

—Dublin Opinion.

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Get a Kick  
from its cool fresh  
flavor of mint leaves.  
Cleansing and soothing to mouth and throat.  
After Every Meal

## Across the Atlantic

ENGLAND - FRANCE - IRELAND - GERMANY

### Hamburg-American Line

Plan to visit Europe this year and go by Hamburg-American Line. The experience gained through eighty years of serving the public has developed travel comfort that is unsurpassed. A service and cuisine that are world famous.

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All modern oil-burning liners. Luxurious staterooms and lounges, spacious decks. Winter Garden ballroom and other attractive features on the de luxe steamers. Comfort and spaciousness on the cabin steamers.

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S. S. RESOLUTE  
Eastward from New York  
140 days - Jan. 7, 1928  
30 Countries - 63 Cities  
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Give them prompt relief

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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JOY  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
*The Shoe that's Different*

THE business of FOOT-JOY shoes is to keep the nerves and muscles which play an important part in the human walking mechanism happy. The entire weight of a man's body is on the bottom of his feet. FOOT-JOY shoes are constructed with the proper foundation to carry this weight in comfort and keep the muscles and nerves in a natural condition. This, in spite of the unyielding surfaces of cement, concrete or tile on which practically all walking today is done. It is not necessary to wear ugly looking shoes in order to get comfort and the proper support. Send for catalogue showing smart styles in FOOT-JOY. "The Shoe That's Different."

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

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Name.....  
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### Summer Sun

THE sun is up at half-past four,  
All orange-red among the trees;  
He lights my room at half-past four  
With ruby lamps set on the floor,  
And, crouching low upon his knees,  
Peers curiously between the trees.

The sun walks swiftly on the lawn,  
And wakes the red rose and the white;  
He drives tall shades across the lawn  
With eager spears of flaming dawn;  
Then, climbing pine-trees dark as  
night,  
Unbars his gates of golden light.

The sun is high at six o'clock,  
His yellow face like molten brass;  
His burning breath at six o'clock  
Has drooped the rose and hollyhock,  
And in my bedroom looking-glass  
Reflected glows his face of brass.

The sun is blazing on my bed,  
And morn is yet no more than seven;  
His streams of gold o'erflow my bed,  
His shafts of gold torment my head,  
But pitying Sleep wings swift from  
Heav'n  
And softly shuts my eyes at seven.  
—H. C. C., in *The Bulletin* (Sydney).

### Ophiology

How can a tall city compensate small boys for its dearth of little green ponds in the spring, where garter snakes are to be surprised under last year's wet oak leaves? This question annoyed us till we found that any child who applies valorously to the guard in the reptile house in the Bronx Zoo is permitted to hold the king snake, yes, sir, right in his hands! This is glamour. Until the child is permitted to take the king snake home, however, and incarcerate it clandestinely in a cardboard box—from which it miraculously escapes the first night, to turn up later under his sister's dressing-table—the country will still have the edge on the city in this one milestone of adolescence.—*New Yorker*.

### The Little Blue Books

THE George H. Doran Company may as well know now, before its hopes do too much soaring, that we do not intend to pay \$20,000 for a copy of Colonel T. E. Lawrence's "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." However, we note in the story concerning this somewhat expensive volume that the original manuscript was lost several years ago at Reading, England. We just hope Mr. Haldeman-Julius finds it.—*New York Evening Post*.

### The Face on the Phone

COMING, with the television era: "I'll never speak to that woman again," said she. "What do you think she did? She called me long-distance yesterday, and told me that I looked pale and seemed to have taken on weight."—*Detroit News*.

TEACHER: What excuse have you for being so late?

JOHNNY (breathlessly): I ran so fast, teacher, that I—I didn't have time to think up one.—*Dry Goods Economist*.

### Confession De Luxe



SECRETA: You are a jolly good mixer  
REPLETA: Naturally. I use Martini &  
Rossi non-alcoholic Vermouth.

As Encore said to Bravo: "I do the same thing you do but with greater nicety." Martini & Rossi non-alcoholic Vermouth is the choice of the sophisticated palate. It is chosen for the same reason that the finest of all things are selected. Many who mix Martini & Rossi are regarded as experts in the art of the aperitif—yet this is the simple secret. They use as they choose—the dry Italian or the Extra Dry. The first is snappy. The second a whisper more so.

#### NEW EDITION

### "Confessions of a Good Mixer"



How to use that dainty dryness before dinner. How to enjoy that stomachic zest after dinner. How one can be a "host." Appetizing suggestions. Send for the new edition—even if you have had previous ones.

Confusingly enough, anything but our "non alcoholic" is not genuine. These words, on the famous Martini & Rossi label, are your protection.

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—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct  
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
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MOTHERSILL'S  
SEASICK  
REMEDY

25 Years In Use

### Punctilious Punctuality

He was a very dignified old colored gentleman of the "befo' de war" type. He came into one of the small branches of the Public Library on February 3, 1924, and took out a borrower's card. He spent a long time browsing around among the books on religion and finally went with great pleasure with a copy of Margaret Sangster's "Women of the Bible" and a cook book.

Time went on and he did not come back. The books became overdue, very much overdue, and finally were give up as hopelessly lost.

Early on the morning of February 3, 1927, he appeared in front of the desk—a little older, a little more polite, as became the recipient of a courtesy, a little tired.

"Hyah's yo' books, Ma'am, an' Ah thank yo' kindly. Ah finished with 'em some time ago, an' Ah moved oveh to Jersey; but Ah been keepin' 'em careful an' mindin' the date so as to get 'em back in time. Ah didn't want to keep yo' waitin'."

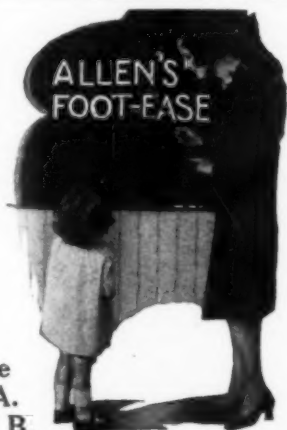
"Oh, yes, yes," replied the librarian with a gasp, and then dropped her eyes to the spot on the card where the worn black finger was resting.

The card, issued for three years' use, read: "Expires February 3, 1927."

—New York Sun.

For the simile championship we enter "As self-effacing as a treasury surplus under the eye of Andrew Mellon."

—Chicago Daily News.



### The "A. B. C's" of Foot Comfort

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes each morning and walk all day in comfort. You feel fresher and tire less easily. Take this lesson to heart—all you who are active and on your feet every day—who enjoy dancing, walking and sports. Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for the feet, takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching, smarting feet, absorbs perspiration, relieves calluses, corns and bunions, and saves your stockings.

For Free Sample and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. Sold at all drug and toilet goods counters.



## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

# MURAD

THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE

For the man  
who feels entitled  
to life's  
better  
things



### Junior Answers the Telephone

JUNIOR (in a shrill treble): Hello.

Mrs. SMITH (sweetly): Is your mother in this afternoon, dear?

J.: What did you say?

Mrs. S. (not so sweetly): Is your mother in, Junior?

J.: Huh?

Mrs. S. (sourly): Is your mother in?

J.: Oh, yes, mother's here.

Mrs. S.: Will you please call her?

J.: Huh?

Mrs. S.: Will you call her?

J.: Huh?

Mrs. S.: Will you call your mother!!!

J.: Oh, yes, I'll call her.

(And the receiver clicks in Mrs. Smith's ear as Junior hangs it up before he goes to find his mother.)

—Country Gentleman.

EVELYN: Is Betty left-handed?

DORIS: No, engaged.

—Boston Transcript.

### The Modern Child

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of his host's little son.

"That is a difficult question," answered the young man, removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively. "The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be 12, my moral age 4, my anatomical age 7, and my physiological age 6. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is 8. That is so old-fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."

—Success Magazine.

### Add Hotel Notices

SIGN behind the clerk's desk in the Hotel Albert, Selma:

"If You're So DAMN SMART WHY AIN'T YOU RICH?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MASSACHUSETTS, Thayer she stands for!

—New York World.





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**The Jimtown Weekly**

*Society and Personals*

CHRIS LOONEY of the Possum Flat Bugle has a queer idea of humor. A wedding occurred in Possum Flat last Wednesday and Looney printed the story in the following original fashion, many violent deaths resulting:

"The groom wore a well-tailored suit of dark material which was very becoming. His shoes were of black patent leather and both shoes were well polished. His socks were of black silk to match the suit and shoes. He wore a white stiff-bosomed shirt, gates-ajar collar and white linen tie. His shirt studs and cuff links were made of platinum inlaid with pearl. The bride was attired in the conventional white."

The two autos which were raffled off by the Ku Klux Carnival last week were won by Abe Levy and Mike Flynn.

Parson Pilkins described the evils of drink so vividly in his sermon last Sunday that the whole congregation got up and staggered out of the church.

Claude Poteet will leave for a short trip to New York as soon as his brother, John, gets back from Chicago with the valise.

Chris Lucas says the Jimtown band has five musicians and four of them are pretty good, but the cornet player ought to be dehorned.

Number 3 was on time last Saturday.

Gloomy Graves is very suspicious about money. He bites every check he gets to see if it's any good.

Madame Mag Smith, spiritualistic medium, had some trouble last week when she moved into a new house. Her kitchen table was arrested by Sheriff Pug Sullivan, charged with walking past a Stop sign, loitering in the main street and blocking traffic.

Sandy Campbell phoned London last Thursday to inquire about a sick brother and was charged \$78 for a wrong number. Sandy was a good Christian gentleman and well beloved by all who knew him.—Barrie Payne, Associated Editors (Chicago).

**What to Expect in Pomona**

HERE's another cue for Morris Gest to have a good cry. A girl from Pomona came to Los Angeles on the interurban to see "The Miracle." Next day, some one asked her how she liked it.

"I didn't get to see the picture," she said, "as they had a very dreary prologue that ran on and on. I stayed until after eleven—the prologue was still going."

—Variety.

**Skepticism**

AN actuary reports that more people are injured falling in bathtubs than off ladders. An ex-doughboy thinks this probably doesn't apply to France, where he never saw a bathtub but went up a ladder to bed.—Detroit News.

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